

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Voice in my Head

by Sue Thompson

The shouting, the screeching, the accusations
Can you do nothing right?
Pay me more attention.
Love me more
Why do you spend time with your mother? She is dying anyway.
Stop being you.
The anger, the silence, sometimes both.
The hidden bruises, inside and out.
The loving side. But for how long
Bang the battering starts again.
Was he that stupid, that awful?
Was he the person she said he was?
Maybe. If you hear it enough does it become a truth?
The constant undermining

Then the Hammer
That is all it took
It was all over the paper
Man, bludgeons wife to death
The bad man, the evil man
The professional doctor turned killer
All over the tabloids.
As if they knew him
They knew nothing, nothing of his life,
Who he was.
Who she was.
She was the monster

The destroyer, the manipulator
And after all the evidence was read out and listened to
They set him free.

Why?

Because...

There's always more to it